

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

August 2015

Imagine!
with Jami Mills

Cute
by Hitomi
Tamatzui

Homeless in SL
by Haru Baileu

Parallel Lives

lived by Art Blue

Nature of Nurture
told by Cassie Parker

High Society

with Hitomi Tamatzui

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AN INTERVIEW W/
HARRY HACKER

Poetry by

Juliesse/Trilling/Madrival/Zecca

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Imagine That! Jami Mills takes us on a magic carpet ride through one of SL's most unique and astonishing entertainments.

Parallel Lives We're not exactly sure what to make of the most recent communique from Art Blue, but in light of his recent death, we're sure you'll find it as interesting as we did.

Hunger/Sunday at the Met Jullianna Juliesse asked that we have Mariner Trilling's powerful poem appear side by side with her sensual piece, and the two, together, are explosive.

On the Nature of Nurture If you are interested in how one goes about nurturing artists to greatest effect, just ask a pro like Cassie Parker, who inspires us again with her insights.

Cute! If you've ever considered raising little ones in a virtual world, you'll want to read Hitomi Tamatzui's piece on the advances over the years in raising little avatars.

To Kazantzakis A new contributor, Mario Zecca, offers us a stunning poem that touches us with its beautiful imagery.

Nine Pianos Merope Madrigal takes us up and down the ivory and ebony, and around the sensual curves of the piano.

Homeless in Second Life Harry Bailey makes the best of the homeless life without his beloved dance floor and monkeys.

High Society Horse Racing Hitomi Tamatzui shows us the high life at a recent horse race, with mint juleps and lovely hats.

About the Cover:

It was from this tall, tall tower created by consummate builder, Royal Shippe, that Rapunzel let her locks fall down, one of several Disney-themed sets from the stellar *Imagine!* From start to finish, something for the whole family to enjoy - - with pirates, mermaids, monkeys, and seven little dwarfs. Wonderful!





Each month this year, we are including one of the months from Bryn Oh's 2015 Calendar, which was produced by Art Blue with the help of Ziki Questi and Jami Mills. Art has sent copies of this wonderful example of immersive art to several of the most well-respected museums in the world, in his single-handed effort to preserve the finest examples of early immersive art, before they are lost forever.

Bryn Oh 2015 Immersive Art



“Ferrisquito is a nostalgic homage to Coney Island, “The Playground of the World”. It’s hard to believe this early work of Bryn Oh is 7 years old. I recommend to you her machinima, where you can see her early explorations in that medium.”

Jami Mills

august

Ferrisquito

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The Ferrisquito build was created in 2008 and exhibited on the Immersiva sim. It paid homage to Coney Island, "The Playground of the World."



Grand Event ~ August 23



The Tahiti Kae Build



Opens July 25, 2015

Love,

Henry



Imagine That

photos by Jam



t! by Jami Mills
ni Mills and Hitomi Tamatzui

*I can open your eyes
Take you wonder by wonder
Over, sideways and under
On a magic carpet ride.*

A Whole New World from Aladdin

With these words, Aladdin serenades Princess Jasmine in the 1992 Disney animated classic film, *Aladdin*. And in the ambitious and hugely successful production, *Imagine!*, we're taken on our own magic carpet ride (quite literally) through a cavalcade of memorable Disney wonders.

Before going any further, please allow me to give credit where credit is due: *Imagine!* is the creative collaboration of ExtravaDanza (founded by SexyS Quintessa), The Elysium Cabaret, and The Night Theater. Master sim builder, Royal Shippe, is responsible for all the sets. Aelva, BabypeaVonPhoenix Bikergrl, Lulu (Ninette Secretspy), SexyS Quintessa, Royal Shippe, and Diiar Vader are responsible for the exciting choreography. And the wonderful dancers are (in alphabetical order) JMB (Jo) Balogh, Cherri Banks, Diawa Bellic, Sebastain Bourne, sarahelisabeth Brenham, Vince Cascarino, Starlena Darkfire (Starlena Hansen), Shannon Jassen, Ginger Mesmeriser, Lily Palmer, Renee (rainbow Velde), Londyn Steele, SugarBytes, Sunny (Sunstroke Afterthought), Royal Swippe, and Gunner von Phoenix. Paul Woodrunner and

Kellan (Kelika Dubrovna) also filled in as backup dancers. A production this huge can't be accomplished without the contribution of dozens of people, each contributing countless hours of blood, sweat, and tears. And did they ever pull it off! Every single person deserves serious accolades.

Walt Disney always urged us to "dream big," and that's just what they've done here with this innovative production. *Imagine!* treats us to lavish and spectacularly colorful sets, and a rich variety of wonderful solo and ensemble dance numbers, all accompanied by the evocative and often enchanting theme music from some of Disney's most successful films (each of the choreographers selected their own music). Royal elaborated, "Aelva, Diiar, Babypea, and SexyS all got together and came up with the name *Imagine*. We are so inspired by Disney and we thought it would be great to share it with everyone. Who doesn't like Disney?"

On July 12, *Imagine!* ended its run of sold-out performances. Although no tickets were actually sold (*Imagine!* was free for all, on a first come-first served basis), tips were encouraged. Nary an empty cushion could be found on the show's immense magic carpet, other than temporary availability, courtesy of the occasional crash victim (myself included).

The presentation is unique in my experience. We're accustomed to sitting in our designated theater seats and watching the show unfold before us, but in *Imagine!*, the show isn't brought to the audience, the audience is brought to the show, via the magic carpet. Royal shared his earliest thoughts about the magic carpet: "First, we chose the carpet and I thought, 'Hmmm. Maybe it's too simple.'"

Then, I thought I could change it to a flying Pirate Ship, but it was too big - - very hard to maneuver around the sets. We wanted the audience to be part of the show - - to enjoy the carpet ride and the scenery at the same time. We thought it would be a great experience for the audience. After all, this is all for everyone to enjoy. We wanted everyone to feel like a kid again."



When audience members first arrive, they're greeted by a large *Imagine!* banner in the familiar Disney script. Not far away is the beautifully rendered carpet, hovering slightly above the ground and sporting ten rows of five cushions each. In each of the performances I attended, these cushions filled up fast. One carpet ride per show, so latecomers were out of luck.

that place nearhand or distant many a day's journey and difficult to reach." So, the magic carpet is the perfect vehicle for *Imagine!* It not only ties in the Disney film, *Aladdin*, which is featured later in the show, but also brilliantly uses virtual technology to transport the entire audience from one sumptuous set to the next, "soaring, tumbling, freewheeling through an endless diamond sky."



From *One Thousand and One Nights*, the magic carpet is described thus: "Whoever sittith on this carpet and willith in thought to be taken up and set down upon other site will, in the twinkling of an eye, be born thither, be

As the magic carpet lifts off, Jiminy Cricket (Fukuju Amaterasu) is at the helm, reminding us that all ages are welcome at the show, so behave accordingly! Jiminy also recommends the optimum graphics settings, which I found

very helpful.

You'd be forgiven for gasping at the first stop, Ariel's undersea world from *The Little Mermaid*. With the magic carpet parked conveniently overhead so everyone has a perfect view, we're treated to a solo dance performed and choreographed by Diiar, who swims delicately through her phantasmagoric undersea world.

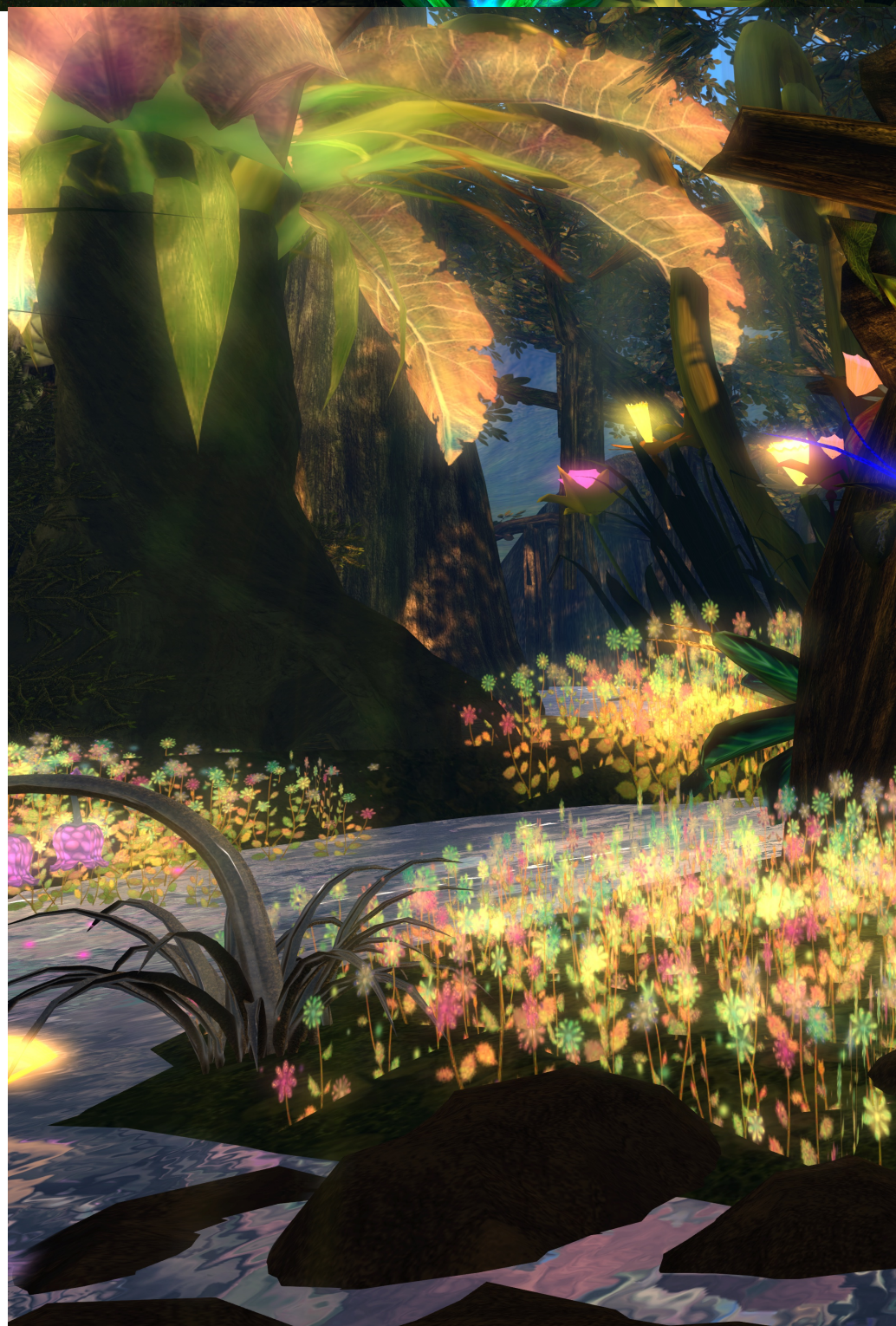
Diiar later shared her thoughts with me about the show: "So many great things come to mind when thinking about *Imagine!* The best part of participating might have been just the sheer creativity of it - Royal Shippe's work on the sim and the other choreographers' hard work made me go all in for this, going bigger and bolder than I normally do. And I think that went for everyone. Plus, the show being themed with stuff





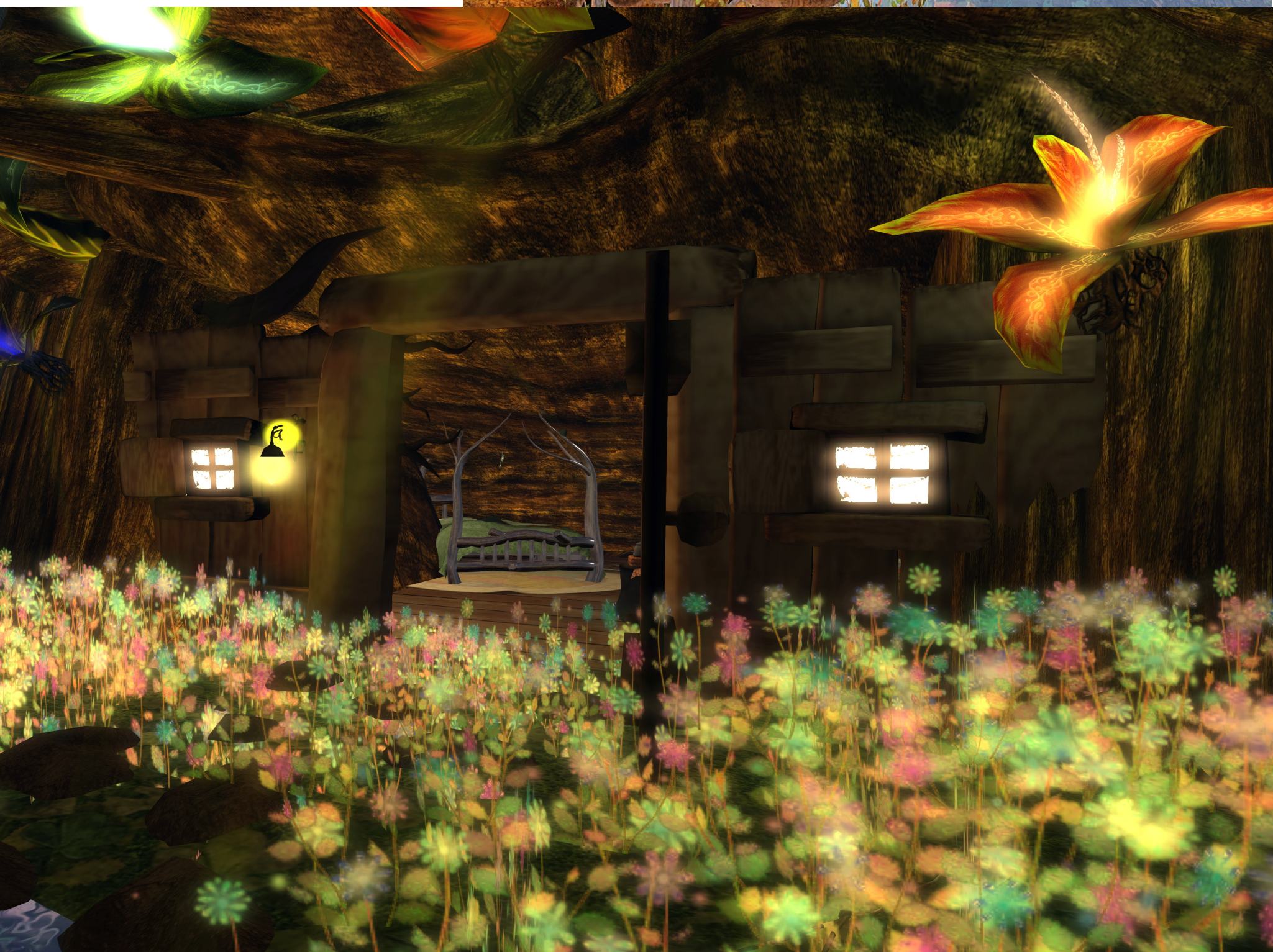
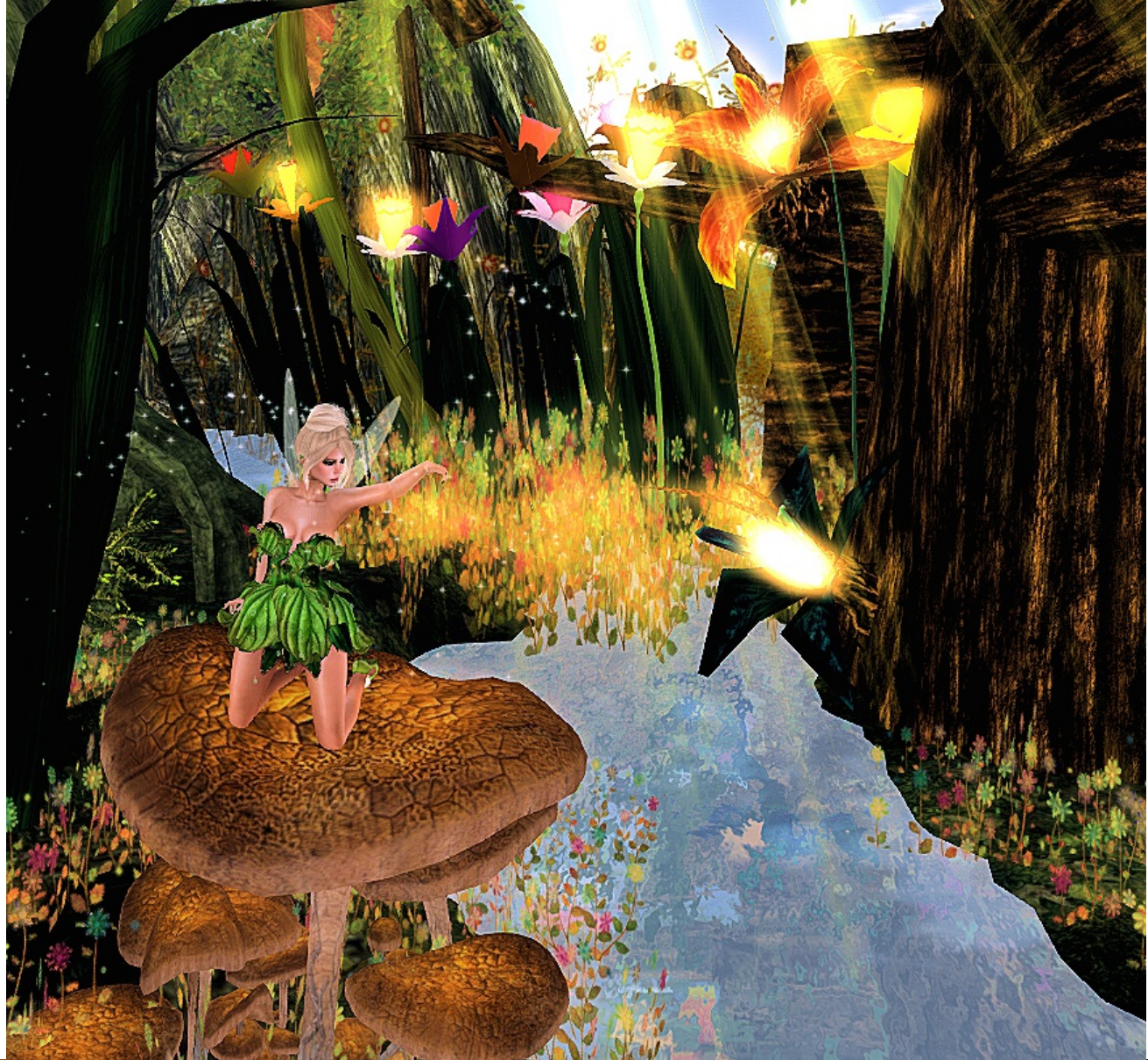
we all know and love from way back when created a certain mood - - one of giddy and almost childish joy - - a mood that quickly infected the rest of the crew, dancers and host. But better than that - THE best part of being part of this adventure has got to be sharing that joy with all the people that came to see the show. And I know that sounds really clichéd and lame, but there it is. Grown people inviting their children or nieces and nephews to join them and watch this show together, as those very same adults reconnected with that inner child we all have - - Priceless! Magical! And an experience above and beyond most!”

Stopping by one of the charming cottages of the Seven Dwarfs, we get an up-close look at Royal’s wonderful



artistry - - subtly curving walls, nestled in a dazzling forest setting, thatched roof, exquisite use of colors and textures. An open door invites our gaze inside to the comfy interior.

An all too believable Tinkerbell (Lulu), who seems right at home in her element, briefly visits with us in front of another quaint cottage, spreading fairy dust as she goes. But we soon hear the groan of





the magic carpet gears and we're whisked off to the dramatic pirate ship from *Peter Pan*, where we're treated to the first major production dance number. Lily Palmer first appears on the yardarm, high above the ship's deck, and then, with Captain Hook's clock ticking in the background, the troupe of dancers joins her on the deck in this wonderful routine. There is some visually exciting particle work that gives added dramatic effect to this rousing segment. Masterfully presented, this is one of the highlights of the show. Royal confided, "In my Pan set, I remixed the song from an old CD *Peter Pan* by James Newton Howard. It was quite a challenge because I had to try to remix the song to fit the story and the dance

itself, not to mention the way points."

No sooner does the *Peter Pan* number finish than we're off to one of the most impressive builds of all, the ice palace from *Frozen*, where Aelva performs a wonderful solo number to *Let It Go*. The set is so beautifully presented, I actually feel a chill and look for a shawl to wrap around my shoulders.

Whoosh goes the carpet to the set for Aladdin and another large production number. The performers dance to *A Whole New World* in absolutely stunning costumes. The line dancers are in their poofy pants, and Diyar is bedazzled with gold jewelry and dons a mysterious veil. Even Disney's enorm-





ous blue-skinned genie from the movie makes an appearance.

Next stop is the simplicity of the striking tower in which Rapunzel (Babypea) resides, waiting for her lover (who else, but Gunner). As Rapunzel lets down her long tresses, she shimmies down to meet her prince and a very sweet duet

ensues. This piece is very romantic and danced beautifully by Babypea and Gunner.

Babypea described the joy engendered by the show: "My favorite part of Imagine! is that families came out to see the show, children with their parents. Some wore Mickey Mouse ears! They



were so caught up in the spirit of the production. They were so excited and had such a wonderful time. They shared their thoughts and feelings with us, asked to stay after the show to take pictures with us, and let us get to know them a little. It was this beautiful bonding of human spirits that felt so very good. That is primarily why I dance, to connect with others and perhaps touch them in some way - - and for a moment in time, to bond with them. I am a bit of an empath, and when I am with happy people, I feel it, and it makes me happy too. That joy! I met the most charming little boy named Noah Fitzpatrick, and he really touched my heart. Another person said to me, "This place makes me feel loved." How beautiful is that? That is when SL is at its very best!"



Once again, the carpet again takes flight, this time stopping at the land of Pocahontas. Three canoes silently approach the banks and indigenous native dancers disembark. This is one of my favorite pieces - - from the teepees to the meat turning on an outdoor spit, this is another magnificent set. Family entertainment or not, one can't help but notice the sexiness of the dancers (male and female alike), as they cavort around the camp. At this point, I am hopelessly entranced, immersed in the mood of the moment, transfixed by the choreography and dancers.





We're now more than an hour into the show and it seems like 15 minutes. To the accompaniment of *Once Upon a Dream*, we are transported to the story-book land of Sleeping Beauty for another romantic dance number, featuring Royal, Aelva, SexyS and SugarBytes, with another charming country cottage.

Nearing the end of the show, as if to save the best for last, what seems like the entire cast appears in another wondrous set from *The Jungle Book*. Some particularly cute gorillas join in the foot-tapping number, *I Want To Be Like You*. Everyone gets in the act and it's impossible not to have a smile on your face during this infectious number. Talk about monkeying around!

As our magic carpet makes its lazy way

back to Cinderella's castle, SexyS leads the cast in the finale, giving us a rousing send-off and filling us with the joyous (and boundless) energy of the performers. Some of the performers actually hop up on the magic carpet (I wish I had had a banana for Jo) to mingle with a grateful audience.

I must admit that it's not without a certain sadness that I left this enchantment, as this is the kind of entertainment we all hope to experience again and again. But you can't keep a good troupe down, so I expect we haven't seen the last of this talented group, who so exceptionally honored the age-old show business adage, "Leave 'em wanting more." They certainly did. They certainly did.

Many of you may be curious (as I was)

about the copyright issues surrounding Imagine!'s extensive use of Disney characters, as well as the production's use of theme music from several Disney films (whose copyrights may or may not be held by Disney). Tray Porthos has created a beautiful one hour machinima of Imagine!, which he has posted on YouTube (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sKHX8ZH0wYI>). It includes a disclaimer at the beginning: "The following video contains images, characters, music, and other intellectual property of The Walt Disney Company. What is contained herein is presented as fan art. No infringement of copyrights is intended."

From my limited research on the sub-

ject, fan art often technically constitutes an infringement on the copyright holder's right to license "derivative" works based on the original source material, but depending on the company involved, fan art is not only tolerated, but sometimes even encouraged. When there is no intent to profit commercially (as is the case with *Imagine!*), copyright holders seldom bother to enforce their rights and simply look the other way. I suppose if one were to produce an X-rated version of *Pinocchio* (I can't believe you went there!), using actual Disney characters, one might expect to hear from Disney's lawyers. But with such a beautifully rendered performance as *Imagine!*, which is so respectful of the original source material, it is hard to imagine (NPI) that Disney









would be anything other than impressed and supportive.

We look back on many of the “big” productions here in Second Life, such as Le Cirque de Nuit, Mayfair, Paradise Lost, and many elaborate immersive presentations - - works of virtual art so vast in their scope that it’s almost unfathomable how anyone had the cour-

age (and the energy) to actually attempt them, much less successfully pull them off. Include Imagine! in that pantheon, for everyone who contributed to this astonishing production surely did take to heart Walt Disney’s advice, “Dream big!”

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A 3D digital artwork depicting a dining room scene. In the foreground, a woman with long dark hair, wearing a blue and white striped dress, sits at a table covered with a patterned tablecloth. The table is set with a plate, a cup and saucer, and a large bowl of fruit. A menu is open on the table. In the background, a man with white hair, wearing a dark blue suit, stands near a large window with a decorative, geometric pattern. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, suggesting a sunset or sunrise.

Parallel

by Art Blue

(with an homage to Wiza
of the machinima for The
spirits who supported the

A virtual dining room scene. In the foreground, a large, ornate silver platter holds a variety of colorful fruits, including apples, pears, and oranges, along with pink rose petals. To the right, a woman with long, wavy brown hair and blue eyes sits at a table covered with a white tablecloth. She is wearing a black, low-cut dress and a necklace. The table is set with silverware, a red napkin, and a small bowl. In the background, a large, dark, geometric patterned ceiling with hexagonal openings allows light to filter through. A green, tufted cushion is visible on the left.

Lives

rd0z Chrome, the maker
e Moon, and all creative
e installment)

Have you been to the SOULREZZER station on The Moon at LEA14? Have you done in past times your duty as a true believer and gone to the oracle in ancient Greece, facing the life risks of such a travel? Have you booked an All-Inclusive tour to visit all the sacred places on earth, well protected and in a shuttle with air-conditioning? Or are you one of the non-believers who thinks you can escape your fate and close your eyes when you face east where the Holy Volcano is? You can't escape the server racks which are hosting your soul. You can't escape yourself. I write server racks, as you are now on a step - - a stage where you think of your existence differently from, let's say, 30 years ago. You feel that computers will move on, and one sense of you after the other will be tricked and the immersive way will become the normal one. Let me repeat from rez August 2014 *The End* what James Morrow wrote in 1981: "Sozyo made 4-D equipment. The image had height, width, depth and a fourth D that eluded precise definition. It was called Presence. Somehow, you felt that the subject was there in the room with you. You could seemingly walk up to it, savor its fragrance, finger its texture, rub a few eons' grime off its contours."

Before I can start the stories, which are all true, I need to make you ready for them. Do you believe your ears? Of

course, as a reader of *rez* in our days of 2015, you say "No," as you are used to headsets and earplugs. The music you hear when you relax, or do some training in the gym, or sit in the bus on the way to school or your daily job, is not coming from the natural environment nearby, from nature, or from a concert you watch in the opera. No, it comes from a tiny device you carry; for most of you it will be your smartphone. Do you believe your eyes? "Of course not," you will say as a reader of *rez* in 2035, because you look through your glasses when you do what you do. What will you do? Say it loud! "I do cyber all day. I work in the Cyberspace." The good old word will be brought back to its good old meaning. There are many movies, even good ones, about this future, and there is no thrill any longer in my words. The thrill comes when I bring you to the future - - beyond 2035.

How do I know the future so well? Because I am dead, sleeping peacefully in my chamber conserved in the arctic ice. Luckily, I have some witnesses; one is even a Sansar Alpha Tester. I am not dead in the meaning of the end. My code is safe, ready to be uploaded there in Sansar, also ready for the Mesh worlds. You know I am of prims and sculpts. It was my time to watch the building of the Coliseum and The Moon. My owl is stepping forward and reports via the screen I am looking at. You might have seen it on Facebook, or

on websites, that it is my friends list shots I am looking at so they will copy these pictures to my new destination. The administration will not check that there is a code behind, the code of my life. A virus where I am able to get God powers out of it, you may say in your language and your time. You have

quence will pass the Simulator.

The Rainy Umbrella

The code for my sequence is hidden in the pictures I am looking at - - pictures showing a friend and an umbrella. About 60 (to be exact 64) have been

How do I know the future so well? Because I am dead...

them, the God powers, in SL1 just press CTRL+ALT+G. You did? Never do anything before reading the end of a chapter. Now you are noted as the one who tries to become God. You are reported! I will not be reported; my se-

enough to code the message in the rain drops that are falling down, on each picture differently. Yes, that's the code, not the friends. Sorry, friends. You are just filler, a placeholder, a distraction, good for some tears, but irrelevant for



the code. Mondrian is back! Yes, you got it. We are at The Artefact, back to the roots. You may say I used my friends to become immortal? I have to admit, yes. I tricked them, but what else are friends for? To help you in your bad times? Yes, that is it. I invited them all to step under the rainy umbrella - - to wash the dust of life away when needed. Sounds good. A gift "to wash when needed the dust away" on command: /42rain-on and /42rain-off. And everyone got a copy. All are so happy with this gift. "Oh, thank you Art. What a lovely idea. You are always so good. I will color the umbrella nicely." They got it full perm. Even the script inside is full perm. Sounds fair and good? Oh, it only sounds so.

Who has opened the script? No one until now, as it deletes itself when done and sends me the message in my grave "End of transmission of <friend's name>." Until then, I have a nice reading time. All the chat and IMs are transferred to me, so indeed the friends give me company, as it shall be.

That's the SOULREZZER. Well done? Oh, yes. I am so proud. You say, "So bad is Art Blue. Never is he this way! I can't believe it. I know him better!" May I remind you that the play, CODE64 in SPACE, started with The Prelude on Stage from Goethe's *Faust*, the most famous theatre after Shakespeare's *Macbeth*? I have once

printed in rez the text and it might be time to repeat what Goethe wrote 200 years ago. It took him 64 years in total to finish Faust - - not 50, as you are told in literature. I just spoke with him about the idea of being reborn by a "Ray of Light" - of course another story.

HISTORIC PRELUDE ON THE STAGE

How to please the public - that's the test,
But nowadays I find I'm in a fix;
I know they're not accustomed to the best,
But they've all read so much they know the tricks.
How can we give them something fresh and new
That's serious, but entertaining too?

Goethe, *Faust, Part I: Prelude On The Stage*; first performed 1808

Words spoken by Canary Beck on board of Cloudshuttle One embarking to The Moon on June 29, 2015, 1:05 PM SLT

Now you open the rainy Umbrella to inspect? Yes! Well done. Now the script runs and sends the messages of all the chat you made to me, and if you have RLV, the Restrained Life Viewer, enabled ... Ahh, I know you'll do it now, as you want to know what happens



then. This reminds me that when I was young, I invited a woman, a model for my first art shows, to a ride in my motor boat after some long hours of shooting, and she said, "Oh, my bra was taken by the wind." I searched in ground management for the bra and said that I couldn't find it, and that in the viewer there is no object listed with your name. SL must have eaten it. In this time, a bra was no attachment, just to make you understand that this lady laughed at my humour. But it was not my humour, it was just that I was a noob, with no clue of life. So maybe you feel now the same about my talking of codes.

If you delete the script now, too late - - transmission completed. If you do nothing, transmission goes on. If you just delete the object without anything

else? Don't do it, as this is my intention. When the reference is lost and a ping no longer goes to the Umbrella, you get fat problems. As I told you already, you got it full perm. I said "For your personal use. Color it nicely." But you gave a copy to your best friend, for his or her personal use? You did! You are human. So, if your friend pings to your umbrella and there is no ping back, this is not good for your friend. You infected him or her. You see the might of code? You see the question of true existence? To code or not to code, that's the question in the future. I think you are ready now for Parallel Lives. There are three parts: one in the past; one in the present; and one in the future. The first starts next month, when your emotions and your memories on The Moon begin to fade. Now, one last time - - time for The Moon.

WizardOz Chrome's Machinima

As an author, you have a tool to express gratitude; you write some lines. These lines shall be for all the ones working for the benefit of the arts, for the benefit of keeping things alive, to give them a picture that can be enjoyed by many. On an event in virtual worlds, the visitor capacity is limited, very limited. In SL1, you reach the maximum on standard server settings at about 20 to 30 people. The value can be increased by Linden Lab up to 70, but then no one is able to move and a theatrical play becomes impossible. The Moon had 12 holders with lot of scripts and all the prim limits in SL1 had been reached, so not many could make it to the last performance of CODE64 in SPACE. Here are the names of the ones being there from the beginning to the end: Apmel Goosson, Inara Pey, Art Spot, Excess Lemmon, Jami Mills, Cassie Parker, Moewe Winkler, Daisy [secondeslive], WizardOz Chrome, RacerX Gullwing, Florence84, Art Eames, Friday Blaisdale, Venus Adored, and cNavigator.

A few made it later to the play, as I could log off the 12 Moonholders to make room for additional visitors. Thank you all for uploading so many screenshots in Facebook, Flickr and postings in blogs. One blog entry I have to name, as it is so nice to read for all the women engaged in virtual art.

Apmel Goosson aka Lennart Nilsson wrote on the play "A superior gender and other wonders with Art" - - you get his posting via the shortlink <http://is.gd/theendofme>.

Why this title in the blog "A Superior Gender ... "?

A woman who extended the limits of the Simulator appeared at the end of the play, when I was already in the grave covered in the arctic ice, my brain waves in stasis, monitored by an OMNIVAC-5000 that the Vatican delivered. You think I am getting weird? Maybe you no longer will after you go on reading or Google the facts.

The woman, Navah Spot, an Avatar who legally cannot exist, as she had to be a Resident in SL, stepped in. She was born on August 24, 2012.

Navah Spot: Here I am! Right on time? Looks like you are still searching for the Redeemer? Someone born after the date of The Merge, but with a real name? I am of this type, just now made by Art Spot. He said "In the future, women will have the say in virtual worlds, so he granted me this superior gender."

Jami Mills: OMG ... she has the Blue Elephant on her shoulder ... it could be her ...

Navah Spot: And he gave me proof that

his existence is supernatural. Just EDIT here and now the Holy Nightmare!

Nightmare is the prim horse donated by Bryn Oh to the Moonrezzer. But why now Holy? The creator is Art Spot, no longer Bryn Oh. He enlightened (hacked would sound so rude) the creator information, and by doing so, the horse got eternal life. Everyone seeing it at the play could edit the linkset and check owner and creator of all the parts. Like in the Bible to feel the

bucks in Frisco - - at least, this is what Art Spot did, or said he did. Those of you from San Francisco got it: Art Spot is not really living where the Lindens are. Maybe he is strolling around in LA? Suffer as a reader of rez on the impossibility of the existence of Navah Spot, as after September 2010, the Lindens set up the family name "Resident" for all new ones. Suffer, but believe! As you know now the fact, you can double check. Open your mind for new facts to come that are beyond your

How can you trick life? You have to pay a latte to the admin at a nearby Starbucks in Frisco...

wounds of Jesus, so they believe he is really resurrected might come up in your mind. Then you are the kind of reader, the true believer, I like to have. Check out the next issues of *rez Magazine*. You see what you have missed in real? The limits of your existence are faked! In the play, the persons who are listed and some of the late arrivals, named Solkide Auer, ush Underwood, TheDove Rhode, and Feather Fride, got the secret to feel, to touch, to get The Presence that James K. Morrow described already in 1981.

The Impossible Possible

How you can trick life? You have to pay a latte to the admin at a nearby Star-

possibilities to double check. "Make Believe!" - - the famous words first used by First Prim, the creator of Art Blue.

Back to the play and my story ...

I am so sorry for all the IMs I got: "Art, I can't enter - - the region is full." I was in tears when Jami and Florence, who both had successfully made it to the region, said, "I'll give my ticket for the waiting Fuschia." I said this artist, who contributed so much to Vulcanicus and The Moon, now couldn't enter and I felt so sorry for her. I had to forbid Jami and Florence from committing suicide on The Moon. One death a day shall be my way. I go to die and you

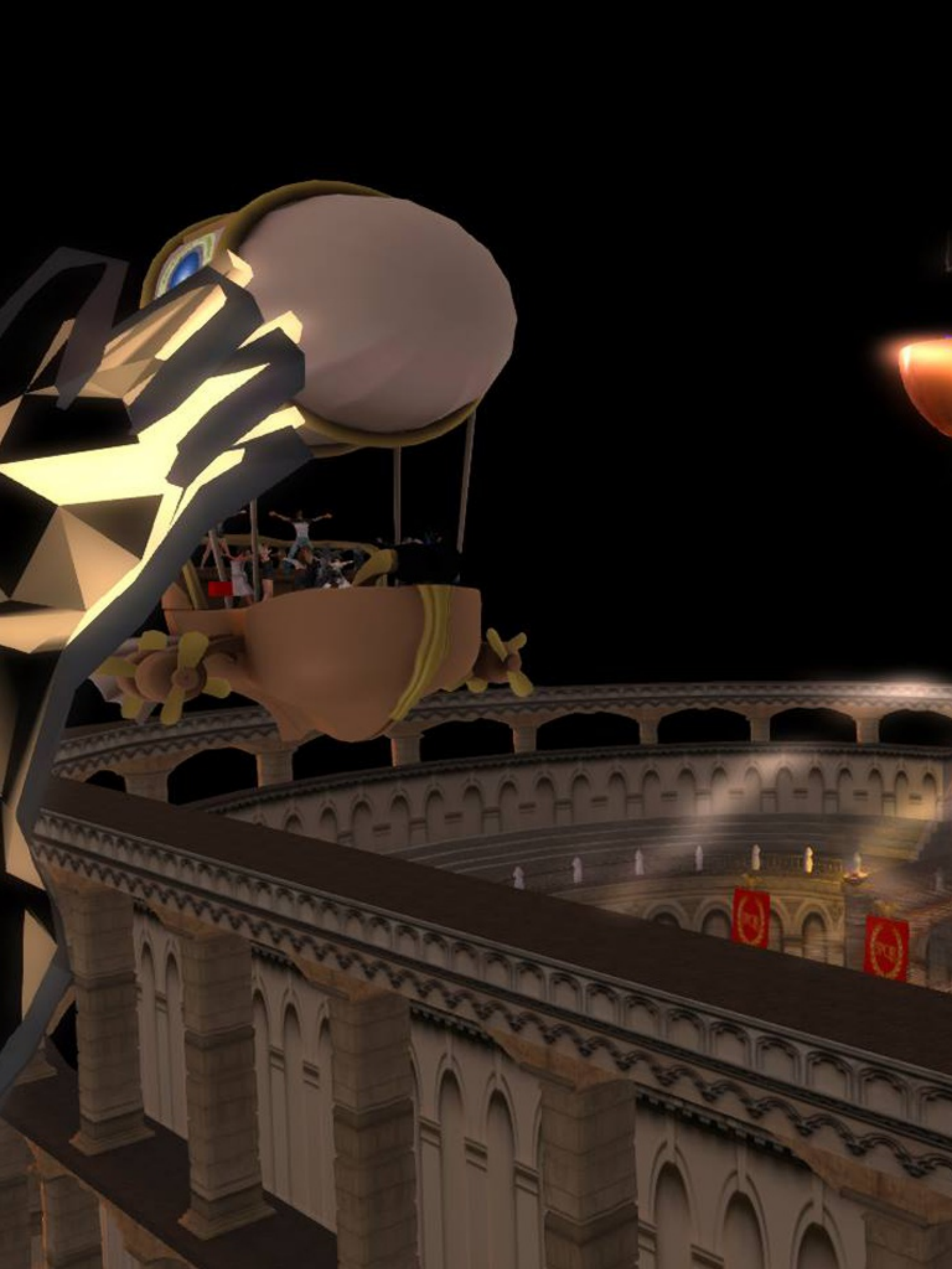




image by Daisy Pentia

stay, was my command, and I searched on radar for WizardOz. Luckily, I saw her and I knew: history will be written on The Moon. My death will pass the barrier of fading away in time and will stay known.

There is another reason I write about WizardOz. It is about what makes SL so special. You meet people with different mindsets, and sometimes with those having similar ones, you develop friendship. I noticed years ago that WizardOz was everywhere I had been, posting pictures and screenshots in Facebook - - pictures of different qualities. After a while (it might have been when she reached the mark of 5,000 pictures), I saw the sheer quantity of her effort changing to quality. I spoke with her for the first time. She could not understand me; she is Italian, living in Milano. So, I started to speak more simply, so the Google translator would no longer make a mess out of my words.

I no longer said, "Wasn't it great, the performance yesterday, where I saw you shooting?" I posted instead, "You did very well yesterday, thank you." And we became friends. I selected her for Vulcanicus, my time capsule for Digital Art, as one of 42 artists and called her the "Raw screen taker." She makes screenshots in virtual worlds and uploads them "as they are" - - raw. I received bad comments on this. "How

can such a doing be art? She is no artist" ... and so on. I said to myself, "Time will tell" and was sure she would grow. Two years later, her machinima of The Moon was presented in Rome at the Life Performers Meeting on the big main screen at Nuovo Cinema Aquila, a theatre for Avantgarde movies outside the Hollywood mainstream. WizardOz became one of the best filmmakers in SL.

Her list of machinima is long.

For The Moon, she made:

CODE64 in SPACE, a play about my end heading to the slicer, the Equilibrium <https://youtu.be/g-eTbhJ2EV0> and <https://vimeo.com/133457857> [10 min]

The DICE, a play on The MOON about life <https://youtu.be/RuJTTp9XS0g> [5 min]

MOONREZZER Live Performers Meeting, ROME LPM 2015 <https://youtu.be/wtA-hbzOh1Q> [8 min, a must to watch] There is an iReport covering immersive instalments and real world aspects at <http://ireport.cnn.com/docs/DOC-1246392>

PREOPENING SHOW <https://youtu.be/BvRrpY3SH6M> [1 min]

SOULREZZER INSIDE THE MOON
<https://youtu.be/VjBJCKrCG3g> [2 min,
a must to watch]

PREVIEW OF THE MOON
https://youtu.be/LpjarA_SCiM [2 min]

FRANCOGRID PREINSTALLMENT
of a MOON SPHERE for BRYN OH's
NIGHTMARE and WIZARD GYN-
OID'S SPHERE and CHERRY
MANGA'S CHESS BOARD
<https://youtu.be/CEsdhCjCfgc> [5 min]

AIR MOON - FIRST EXPERIMENTS
with MOONHOLDERS in METRO-
POLIS GRID [in 2014], Introducing
the RAINY UMBRELLA by CHERRY
MANGA
<https://youtu.be/hVZKGZCYTLE>
[9 min, beautiful in slow motion]

I still can't talk to WizardOz Chrome in
an adequate way. I am just able to pass
to her "I do a new work. Come to film,
please." And I get back, "Yes. I come!
When? SL time or RL time?" I say
"Milano time is ..." and I get back,
"Yes, my time I know, I come LOL."
And when she comes, she sees the mes-
sage of my work. What more do you
want as an artist?

The Umbrella Code

This is the code in the rainy umbrella.
There is no virus. Friendship as it shall
be: I share my code. To code or not to

code? I code. All my codes are set on
MIT open licence. And you may give
the rainy Umbrella to every one of your
friends who asks. The idea of an um-
brella making rain is stolen from an in-
stalment by Cherry Manga, which she
gave me full perm to use as I like. Just
the script is fresh and the umbrella got
a makeover.

```
string ANIMATION;  
  
default  
{  
    state_entry()  
    {  
        llParticleSystem([]);  
        ANIMATION = llGetInventoryName(INVENTORY_ANIMATION,0);  
  
        if(ANIMATION == "")  
        {  
            llOwnerSay("Error: No animation");  
        }  
  
        llListen(42, "", "", "");  
    }  
  
    listen(integer channel, string name, key id, string msg)  
    {  
        if(msg == "rain-on")  
        {  
            llParticleSystem([  
                PSYS_PART_MAX_AGE, 3,  
                PSYS_PART_FLAGS, 259,  
                PSYS_PART_START_COLOR, <1.00000, 1.00000, 1.00000>,  
                PSYS_PART_END_COLOR, <1.00000, 1.00000, 1.00000>,  
                PSYS_PART_START_SCALE, <0.50000, 0.50000, 0.50000>,  
                PSYS_PART_END_SCALE, <0.50000, 0.50000, 0.50000>,  
                PSYS_SRC_PATTERN, 8,  
                PSYS_SRC_BURST_RATE, 0.1,  
                PSYS_SRC_ACCEL, <0.00000, 0.00000, -0.20000>,  
                PSYS_SRC_BURST_PART_COUNT, 1,  
                PSYS_SRC_BURST_RADIUS, 0.300000,  
                PSYS_SRC_BURST_SPEED_MIN, 0.010000,  
                PSYS_SRC_BURST_SPEED_MAX, 0.100000,  
                PSYS_SRC_INNERANGLE, 3.141593,  
                PSYS_SRC_OUTERANGLE, 6.283185,  
                PSYS_SRC_OMEGA, <0.00000, 1.00000, 0.00000>,  
                PSYS_SRC_MAX_AGE, 0.000000,  
                PSYS_PART_START_ALPHA, 1.000000,  
                PSYS_PART_END_ALPHA, 0.700000,  
                PSYS_SRC_TEXTURE, "4a904990-1742-be97-35ca-bba945ce143a",  
                PSYS_SRC_TARGET_KEY, (key) "" ] );  
        }  
        else if(msg == "rain-off")  
        {  
            llParticleSystem([]);  
        }  
    }  
  
    attach(key id)  
    {  
        if (id)  
        {  
            llRequestPermissions(id, PERMISSION_TRIGGER_ANIMATION);  
        }  
    }  
  
    run_time_permissions(integer perm)  
    {  
        if(perm & PERMISSION_TRIGGER_ANIMATION) {  
            llStopAnimation("sit");  
            llStartAnimation(ANIMATION);  
        }  
    }  
}
```

· r — e — z ·

Hunger

by Mariner Trilling

There is a beast that dwells within the deepest corners of my soul.
Imprisoned in a shadowy cave,
It regards your delicate flesh with covetous eyes.

It's driven to madness by your perfume, your hair, your curves.
Snarling, fighting against its chains.
Its only song to the world is howling, hungry cries.

In desire of desire, you unfetter the beast with your playful smile
And in a blind instant you're taken down
Pinned on your back, trapped by a lust from across the ages.

Tearing fabric with seams coming open and stitching pulled apart,
The lost buttons rolling on the floor.
Revealing your naked body to an animal hunger that rages.

Your landscape is ravaged by a blaze of hands, a torrent of tongues.
Prodding, seeking an opening to your soul.
In a sudden stroke he knows within you, the deepest of communion

The merciless pounding tempest climaxes in breaking wet waves
flooding over fleshy hills and valleys.
The passionate onslaught continues through an eternal moment's union

The contented beast turns to slowly walk away and then
A trace of your sweet slaked smile brings him down on you again.

Sunday at the Met

by Jullianna Juliesse

I brush a smooth finger
down the throat of Apollo.

*It is your symmetry,
That entices me - -*

I kneel at his feet
Drink from his cold perfection - -
White marble
Fixed fast on his pedestal.

*Your dark chaos,
Pulling me close.*

His eyes dance with laughter
Over my shivering flesh
Consuming each curve
From his place—

*The chase begins,
A pas de deux.*

I wander, wild-eyed and hungry
Behind him
Into the dark woods.

Seduced.

The arrow flies
My wax wings do not melt
In the bright light of this lush space - -
The anthracite gaze
Pierces me
As we toss ourselves to the warm, damp earth.

Consumed.



On the Nature

Rogue

while the music lasts

by Cassie Parker



e of Nurture

photography by Cassie Parker

Those of you who have followed my writing over the past few months, or those of you who know me in either real life or on the grid, know that I'm a huge advocate for those that dedicate their lives to the creation of art. I've been interested and fascinated in art all my life. I'm drawn to artists of all sorts - - but most especially to visual artists and to performance-based practitioners.

In my early years, I took a turn as a performing artist and I feel a tremendous sense of responsibility to help make the journey easier for those who follow in my shallow wake. I have a strong sense of responsibility to those who try to express themselves through their art. Nurturing artists in real life is my particular passion, and I take every opportunity to do whatever I can to make life easier for those who have eschewed financial security in favor of artistic expression.

Being an artist is difficult. Life in the arts is more than a bit peculiar. One can spend years in the trenches, moving from job to job, company to company, as a freelance artist, barely eeking out a living. Life as an artist can be lonely, exciting, and rewarding, but it can also be discouraging and frustrating. One seldom has a sense of forward momentum, or of any semblance of security. Relationships are almost always fleeting - - meeting a large number of

people - - usually for a month at a time. One learns to invest in their work, and to invest quickly, without an expectation that tomorrow will hold anything except the possibility of a new job, a new city, and a new circle of colleagues. Relationships with others form quickly and an artist's network resembles the root system of a mighty oak - - broad, but shallow. The slightest mishap can topple a career in an instance - - a missed audition, an upset producer, a sore throat, or an injured toe, can be career threatening - - even for a day, if it's the wrong day. In my career as an artist, I had my share of wrong days ...

Nurturing artists, then, is personal to me. It represents something noble - - simply the right thing to do. Helping others fulfill their dreams and their artistic potential completes me. It makes me whole. In fact, giving others a platform for creative expression has supplanted my own desire for artistic self-expression or, rather, has become my own preferred form of artistic self-expression. Those whom I help have become a part of my own personal canvas and have created a landscape far greater than I could have ever dreamed of painting myself. Years ago, if anyone had told me how exciting and fulfilling my work would be, I'd have dismissed them as an idiot. Had I known how much I would love what I do now, I would have been tempted to enter arts administration at a much younger age,

but that would have been a grave mistake. Whatever successes I achieve in my work today come as a direct result of the struggles and mishaps I experienced in my professional life as a young artist.

about supporting their art; it's about supporting them as a person and encouraging them to live life to the fullest. It's about challenging them to become fully engaged with people and the world around them. Sometimes

Helping others fulfill their dreams and their artistic potential completes me. It makes me whole.

Nurture. For a long time I've struggled to write about the subject. Defining the word is simple. It only requires a quick trip to the dictionary. Nurture is the process of caring for and encouraging the growth or development of someone or something. Defining the process is nearly impossible. For me, it's something that happens instinctively when I believe strongly in an artist's work. Nurture requires nuance and sensitivity. It requires empathy and understanding, trust and commitment. It requires mutual respect and passion, admiration and openness. Above all, it requires honesty, endurance, patience, and fortitude.

Nurturing an artist is not dictatorial, nor does it have anything to do with imposing or interjecting one's own ideas into the work of another person. But nurturing an artist is not only

that's a difficult task. Artists can be introspective by their very nature, barricading and separating themselves from the world. Those that are particularly savvy keep their antennas ready to receive all that life has to offer, soaking up life like a sponge, broadening their perspective as they plunge wholeheartedly into life and capturing minute snapshots of the world around them that others miss. An artist spends a lifetime collecting and archiving moments that can be woven into marvelous insightful works of art.

When I was younger, I had a much different perspective on how an artist should work and on their sense of responsibility to the world. I looked a bit disdainfully at a brilliant composer like Leonard Bernstein and bemoaned the fact that Bernstein's conducting, his scholarly work, and his personal life



robbed the world of great theatrical works that “might” have been. That perspective, thankfully, did not stand the test of time. Today, I realize that Bernstein’s personal life, his toils and tribulations, his time in the real world, the time spent with real people are what made him a splendid composer. Bernstein’s time away from his art is precisely the thing that built the artistic

vocabulary that connected him to people. The same can be said for Marlon Brando and many other artists who have been labeled as “lazy” or “undisciplined.” Life in the “real world,” whether on the grid or in real life, is never a waste of time for an artist. Connecting with people, investing in personal relationships, and participating in community, pays enormous dividends for artists in all disciplines. Art should be shared. Great art should be intellectually stimulating and both overwhelmingly personal and community-based at the same time.

Sharing one’s point of view with a community is at the very heart of artistic expression, and yet “community” can be a tricky beast. The notion of an artistic work being both populist in scope and tremendously personal at the same time creates a bit of a conundrum; but artists deal with conundrums on a daily basis. For example, in the real world, I produce large scale works as intimately as possible. That requires a great deal of forethought. My goal when I produce is, quite simply, to touch every audience member individually, all at once. Every person in the audience should feel that you’re performing only for them.

The notion of an artistic work being both populist in scope and tremendously personal at the same time creates a bit of a conundrum...



that truly sets her apart. When I complimented her on that ability recently, she replied:

“Well, I think that’s the way Idle Rogue should run. People attach to people first, and stuff second, in SL at least. I guess maybe because they already have stuff IRL and they come to SL to find people? Well, that’s the way I feel Idle Rogue should run.”

Connecting people and building a sense of community is, of course, a key indicator of success in the arts. The importance of connectivity and of community was reinforced in a recent conversation with cherryblonde (chryblnd.scribe), the owner and creative mind behind Idle Rogue and Guerilla Burlesque in Second Life. Cherry’s the most talented and savvy club owner I know. I’ve previously written about her superb marketing skills. No other theatrical venue that I know on the grid fills to capacity an hour ahead of show time, but it’s her ability to make people welcome at her establishments

It’s that attitude, coupled with some of the best marketing materials in the arts world, that keeps Idle Rogue and Guerilla Burlesque (SL) at the top of their game. Audiences and performers may come and go, but as long as the prevailing attitude at Rogue remains centered on connecting people, they will continue to enjoy success.

This sense of building community is so important to me and so crucial to the continued success of artistic expression that I made certain it was articulated as one of the three goals of TerpsiCorps ArtWerks, my initial foray into produ-

cing art on the grid.

I first began to think about producing on the grid for two reasons. First, I had attended an annual international conference for real life producers in my field that, like it had for the past few years, examined the continued decline in attendance figures at traditional cultural arts events. I began to grow curious as to whether or not I might be able to use the grid to glean insights

into a generation that has, for the most part, opted out of traditional art forms in favor of digital entertainment. Second, I became friends with Chrissy Rhiano (Cyllene Dembo), a performing artist who spoke to the very core of my being. It was that relationship, that friendship, that tipped the scales and made it impossible for me to ignore my real life commitment to make it easier for artists to express themselves to a wider public.



I've learned much since my days as an artist. There was a time when I thought talent alone ruled the day and was the dominant factor and the key to success as a performer. Today, sitting on the other side of the audition table, I understand the importance that a performer's other resources play in the success or failure of an artist's career. The breadth and depth of an artist's network and their financial resources play a huge role in determining who will or will not eventually become a "star". I believe the same holds true on the grid. Performing on the grid requires money and plenty of it, and the biggest "stars" on the grid are mostly those who excel in networking, sometimes at the expense of the art.

In the days before Facebook and other social media sites, building a support network required long hours of correspondence and personal contact. Remember typewriters? Remember how

time consuming and difficult mass communication used to be? Today, one can connect and reconnect with hundreds and thousands of colleagues with the click of a button. Ironically, my own personal network that was very broad but not so deep has grown more and more important to me over the last half dozen years. Social media has reconnected me with hundreds of professional colleagues and rekindled relationships that I never fully appreciated. In my business, social media has become the driving force in marketing and ticket sales campaigns. Every artist should use social media to its fullest potential. The importance of building that network of support cannot be overestimated.

On the grid, as in real life, one can easily get caught up in the “hype” surrounding a particular artist or group of artists without fully examining the veracity of the art that’s actually taking the stage. Couple that with a propensity for shyness among serious artists and one can easily see how a truly gifted artist can go unrecognized. Most of these artists admittedly perform for themselves and not for others, but to my mind that’s simply unacceptable. Those of us who produce for a living, I hope, are always on the lookout for exceptional talent that needs an extra boost to achieve public or community acceptance and acclaim. My job is to give artists that extra bit of encourage-

ment or to encourage them to broaden their networks as much as possible so that their work reaches as many potential audience members as possible.

It’s true that I support and nurture artists from all disciplines and, as is the case with Chrissy, I almost always do it for purely personal reasons. I can’t begin to enumerate the number of times people on the grid have cautioned me to make sure I’m entering into production on the grid for all the right reasons, the strong implication being that I should only do this for personal gain; to somehow further or better my own agenda or my own career. There are only two reasons I can think of to produce art on the grid or anywhere else. First, one must believe that art and artists can illuminate the human condition in ways nothing else can. Second, one must know an artist or a group of artists whom they admire and believe so strongly that they are willing to take the time and expend the energy to allow those people to tell their stories to as many people as they can possibly gather together.

That’s why I’m excited about launching TerpsiCorps ArtWerks in early to mid-September. It’s why I’m overjoyed that Chrissy Rhiano will serve as the company’s Artistic Director, a title that I’ve never before relinquished in real life. Chrissy’s work, I believe, is as good, or better, than any I’ve seen in real life.

The complexity of that work is astonishing and the simplicity of her work can be touching beyond belief. Some might not consider her the biggest “star” on the grid, but I think she’s among the biggest talents to be found anywhere. A talent that big deserves, I think, the best resources that can be mustered to support our shared artistic vision; namely, to be a destination - - to be the best.

Chrissy, though, is just the tip of the artistic iceberg of what will be TerpsiCorps ArtWerks. Lotta Difference, æd Queen (queenie.acacia), Lil (lilangels), Zahra Ethaniel, and Deb Heron - - all tremendously gifted artists in their own right - - will join Chrissy in producing performance art that will be truly exceptional. Like Chrissy, their work is of the highest artistic quality and I’m personally committed to every one of these outstanding artists.

I hope you’ll continue to look for announcements on Facebook and on the grid for news about TerpsiCorps Artwerks. I hope you’ll join us in September for our inaugural performance. Most of all, I hope you’ll take every opportunity to support art on the grid and in real life. A few lindens or a few dollars here or there in support of these artists goes a long, long way to enabling them to continue to buy costumes, animations and set pieces for their art. An encouraging word, a per-

sonal note, a question or a comment to an artist about a particular work you like goes a long way in reinforcing their commitment to performing day after day and week after week. I encourage you to “dig deep” whenever you’re at a performance or in a gallery and critique what you’re seeing. Decide and determine who your favorite artists are. Know why their art speaks to you and take every opportunity to show your appreciation and support in any way possible.

Most of all ...please ... please ... please ... live your life to the fullest. Connect with others any way you can. Build relationships. Build strong, meaningful relationships that will sustain you throughout your day on the grid and in your real lives. We owe that to ourselves, we owe it to those we love, and we owe it to those who will surely come after us.

Thanks for following me on my own personal journey through the arts. I invite you to join us in September for what I hope will be a most memorable kickoff of a new artistic enterprise ... TerpsiCorps ArtWerks. There will be plenty of champagne following the performance!

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TERPSICORPS ARTWORKS



COMING SEPTEMBER 2015



Cut
by Hitomi

PA

...e!

Tamatzui

Photography by Hitomi Tamatzui

Are'n't they cute?

That's the question I get when people see the children. In strollers, at performances, or accompanying their mothers and/or fathers while shopping. Not just my SL twins, Angel and James, but all babies. Inside and outside of Second Life.

Not that babies in Second Life are a new thing. In 2006, as another avatar I had twin boys. But those babies looked like the old Cabbage Patch kids compared to today. And they didn't do anything except say a few phrases.

Today's babies are animated and growing. A Zooby baby has the ability to increase in size, gain motor skills, increase vocabulary, and improve motion. No more holding HUDs, as in the past. They come ready made with menus, texts describing their health, love, sleep, hygiene, and stage of growth. The older children wander away, crawl under things, sit, and play. Plus, they eat.

And, yes, they are cute. Real life faces. The older they are, the more they can do, including playing with toys. The options in animations are amazing.

It shouldn't be surprising in Second Life to have children. After all, we can do everything else, including get pregnant. Caring for them is far more soph-

isticated - - bathe them, change them, feed them, put them down to sleep, pick them up to hold, take them to the park, etc. Just like in real life. An opportunity for older mothers to relive those days without the actual stink and messiness, and for unmarried women to "try it out." Plus, you don't have to get a baby-sitter, unless you want, when going out for the day or evening.

So what does it take to have a child in Second Life? Just like in real life, children are expensive. The rule of "if you have to ask the cost, you can't afford it" applies. But for those who do, or are on a budget and considering it, it is worth checking out. Zooby babies, as an example, start at L\$3800 for newborns, babies start at \$5000. Newborn twins



start at L\$6800. Care requires bottles, diapers, vitamins (for nursing newborns), snacks for older children, baby food, etc. Expect to pay about L\$2000 for 20 days' worth of supplies. For each stage (up to 63 levels) there are stars to buy for growth. Final growth level is comparable to a three year old toddler.

Asiza Killian has five Zooby babies and Zooby cats.

"Having a baby was truly the very last thing I had on my mind when I came to SL," Asiza said. "I married, and being in love, the natural thing is ... have a



baby. Anyway, I thought we made a boy baby; however, when we went to the OB-GYN doctor and had an examination with her, the sonogram showed I had two! OMG, wasn't that a monumental surprise!"

"It was twins; a girl larger than her brother, the boy, I thought was the only child," Asiza continued. "Antoinette and Amon. I enjoyed the pregnancy experience, so we decided to have another boy, Broc Eric named after Dad. And then I wanted another girl, whom her father named Harmony. After that, my then husband and I delivered our last one, Harland, at home. I love them like 1st life, but so much more easy - - no poop, nice clean diapers, lol. I tried nursing but they all CHOMP, so they have the bottle."

You can see how easy it is to get into





having a family of babies. Asiza is not the only person I met who had more than one. Madison Fiddlesticks, the horse race owner of Lone Star Ranch, has eight children now – - all adopted. She was the one who gave me and my partner the twins Angel and James.

But just growth and care of the children is not the only cost - - there are toys and play sets and furniture. And don't even mention the clothing options. As much clothing as any self-conscious woman needs. Plus, you need space and prim availability for all this stuff. Besides the horse farm for Madison, she has two other properties dedicated to just the children. Asiza has what would be considered a mansion, with plenty of land for playground areas and horses for the children.

If you want to go through the WHOLE experience instead of adopting the children, you can attend one of several OB-GYN clinics for pregnancy care and delivery. These include pregnant body shapes, vitamins, doctor visits, and, of course, delivery. I did that with my first. It was an amazing time, and I cherish the time spent with them.

Also, you can get pets that do the same sort of things, such as Curious Cats and Curious Canines, also available from Zooby. There are 16 breeds of dog now: Labrador, Pit bull, Pug, English

Bulldog, Beagle, Chihuahua, Boston Terrier, Rottweiler, Great Dane, Husky, German Shepard, Doberman, Akita, French Bulldog, and wolf at L\$2600 each. A curious canine that you own can auto meet & interact with other curious canines & Zooby babies that you own, explained Rhy Paragorn at a recent demonstration. Menu options enable your curious canine to meet and interact with other curious canines and Zooby babies that other people own.



In addition, the dogs can learn up to seven different tricks. Curious Canine Gems are a separate purchase, only needed if you wish for your curious canine to learn tricks. When you stand,

they will also randomly move, sit, or lay near you, and of course, while attached to your avatar, the Curious Canine will teleport with you. Small dogs also have an ARM option so they may be held on your arm.

Canines have the same options as the children: They need to be fed, cleaned, brushed, and bathed, given rest, taught to go potty, given snacks and love (walked and held). Providing Gems to



them (similar to Zooby Stars for children to advance to the next stage) will allow the dogs to learn tricks in from one to seven days.

So Madison gave me Angel and James to “try out.” And, yes, they are so cute. I’ve done it all and taken them to concerts, the park, the beach, nursed and just

watched them and followed their growth (“ooo - - they lift their heads and roll over!”(stage 9)). The advantage is that if you want to take a break (unlike real life children), you can pack

them up in inventory and pull them out later to continue. They don’t die or recede in stages. You do grow to love them. Plus, they are in the back of my mind all the time (“got to get home and feed them later”).

I can only imagine that in coming years they may grow to older stages. As long as they don’t go to the teen years with the eye rolling and back talk. I shudder to think that if they were able to procreate, SL would be overrun with Zooby teens. Then what?



· r — e — z ·

To Kazantzakis

by Mario Zecca

I visited your grave on Crete
You said god pardons the singers
but I think he has doubts about poets
God sends streams of milk
flowing down the mountain
We whores of the imagination
tell stories of weeping prophets
and priests no one believes
We create ideas of winged clouds
filled with fiery kingdoms
But angels lie, steal and cheat
then break into tears
when they lift their arms up to heaven
and their hands fall off

Nine Pianos

by Merope Madrigal

I

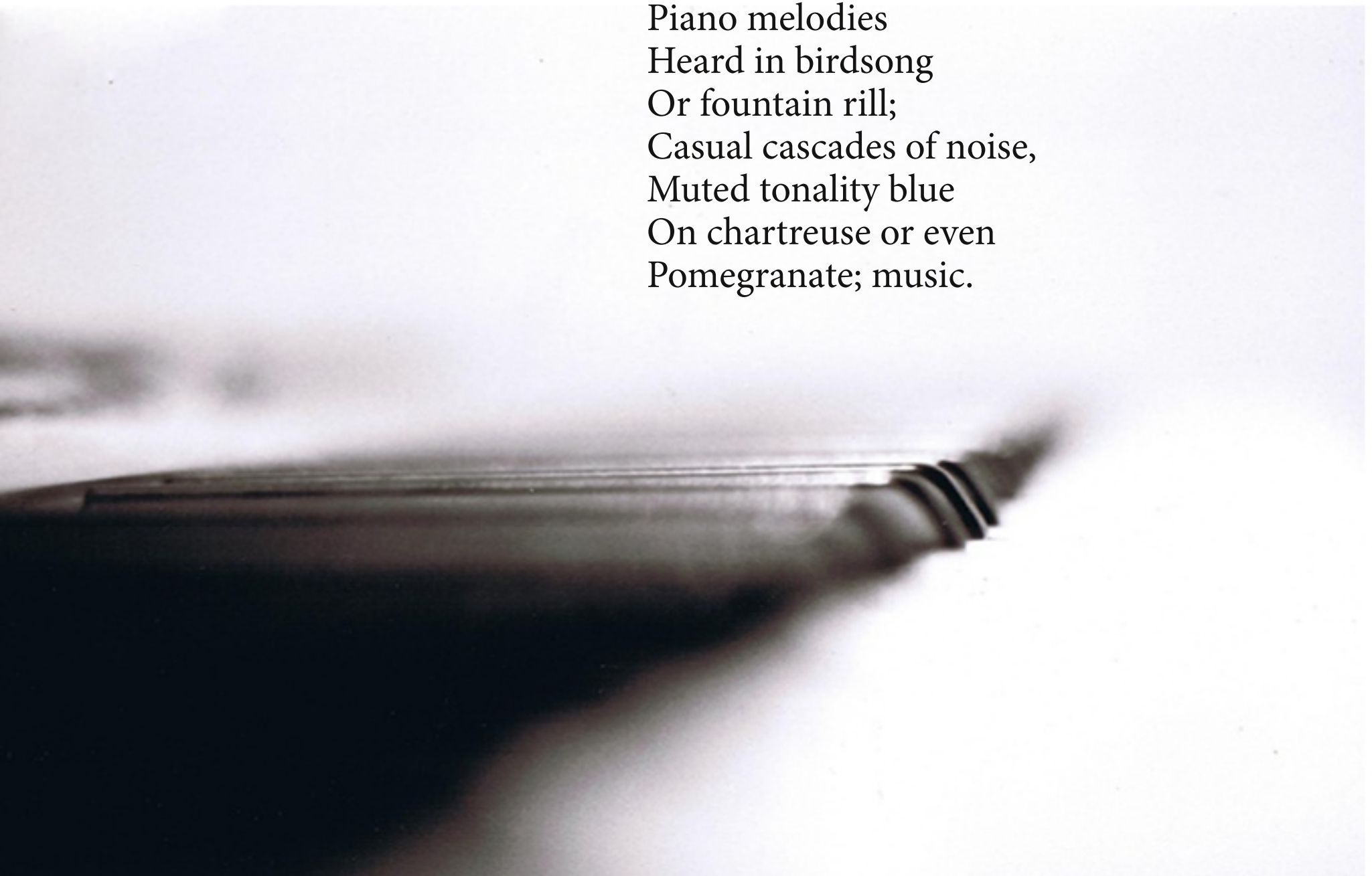
A red-tinted woodfleshed piano
Narrow and richly carved;
Shaped with plane
And turned on lathe.

II

Steps on a ladder
Of seven four cadence. White
Black white white black --
The unsteady footsteps
Of jazz musicians on
Uneven thresholds.

III

Piano melodies
Heard in birdsong
Or fountain rill;
Casual cascades of noise,
Muted tonality blue
On chartreuse or even
Pomegranate; music.



IV

Baby grand with sensual
Curves seducing
Johann, Ludwig, Amadeus
And virgins playing
In the parlor washing scales
From infant eyes.

V

Refrain of tears, draped in flags
A new requiem composed too often
For funerals of the young. Black
Black unremitting black --
The dirge of mourners' piano
soft footsteps march behind.

VI

Piano notations, such
Softness stammered
Through velvet hammer
On metal strings
Flesh on tooth or ebon-
Grained; fingers stroked
In C Major ruffles.

VII

Borne on the backs
Of Hindi castes, native
Birchbark canoe to Fort Gary;
Civilization played on piano.

VIII

Sonatas serenade Claire de Lune
Prayers to heaven for man
Piano whispers to God.

IX

A repertoire of religion
Depressed and held, legato
Pinched and plucked, staccato



photography

jami mills

Homeless in Seco

by Harry Bailey

*imageessence design
studio & gallery
upstairs*

(aka The Perfect Gentlem

nd Life



an)

Somehow, this summer I have managed to discover a social aspect of SL that I had not experienced in my over 8 years in SL. It would seem this should not present serious difficulties, and is certainly not at all comparable to the same issue in RL, yet I have been amazed how it has shifted my perspective of Second life.

I got to Second Life in the way many of my early friends did, as the next iteration of the computer game *Sims*. I had enjoyed building in the original *SimCity*, and then through the lifelike avatar interaction game *The Sims*.

The key component of all of these games was building and creation of environments. Will you be powered by Atomic, Coal, Wind, or be Space-based? How many elevators did you want in your office tower? Should you choose subway, rail, or highways for your transport system?

With *The Sims*, it got up-close and personal as you built your home, chose your avatar, and even learned to landscape your yard. (By the way, a helpful hint that my son discovered in this game: never set off fireworks in your bedroom!)

With the move up to Second Life, the detail and interaction became amazing. Lifelike looks for your environment and avatar, combined with the latest in

space age technology, teleportation, ability to breathe underwater, flight, and best of all ... we all got to look perfect and be 27 years old again!

I began my second life building a home and office, and moved on to owning, at one point, an entire sim devoted to training and development of interpersonal leadership skills. This attachment to building and "living" in-world brings me to my current quandary: becoming "homeless" in SL.

In late May, the owner of the sim that I have called home for many years informed me that he was selling the sim, and the new owner had other plans for it. He offered me the option to relocate to one of his other sim beachfront properties at quite reasonable rates. He has always been a great landlord.

When I logged on, I discovered that my entire life had been returned to me together in who

At the time, I was busy in RL as well as finishing up the final parts of my last *Murder Noir* article, so I filed away the IM, expecting to get to it before the end of the month. When I logged on, I dis-

covered the sale had closed early, my entire home and property had been returned to my inventory, shoved together into who knows what files, and grouped in odd and various ways! My lovely white sand beach complete with leaping dolphins and a lighthouse was now the Grand Canyon with cliff walls I faced, as I was quickly sent packing by the new ban lines.

Suddenly, I realized that I had to make some decisions about my future in SL. At the very least, I immediately needed to find a place to log into and arrange my appearance for the evening (as befits the Perfect Gentleman). Secondly, I had to decide what living arrangements I wanted to consider for the long term.

The "lost" current home had actually been my fourth in Second Life, and was quite comfortable; however, was it per-

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haps time for a change from beachfront resort with dance floor and animated monkeys? For those of you who have visited my home, you are aware that those monkeys had been accused, un-

justly of course, of improprieties with some of the females on my friends list. The very idea!

Did one even need a home in SL? My tier was about \$L7,000 a month for more prims than I usually used, even with my lighthouse, and those darned monkeys. What exactly did my SL home provide? Now that was a very challenging question, and this is where I discovered the emotional component to SL homeownership.

This most recent home had been the location of many happy memories over many years. I had held anniversary parties and Rezzday parties for many of my friends there. Many of the best features of the home had been gifts from one of my early friends, who had become a wonderful SL builder; things like that lighthouse held memories from those early building days.

This SL home had also provided Holiday fun in the same way that RL homes do. I decorated for the Holidays, including a huge tree at Christmas and pumpkins and haystacks for Halloween. Each December, I converted the dance floor to an ice rink and enjoyed couples and solo dancing in skates with so many friends over the years. In this summer time of year, I sat on my upstairs deck overlooking the waves and write my *rez* columns as I contemplated the peace and quiet of

being alone to work in a lovely environment.

All of these advantages of SL homeownership were important, yet was it worth the cost and hassle of having a spot rarely used? An SL vacation home? Or would it be easier to simply give up homeownership and move to a life of wandering the unknown number of sims that exist to log in, and arrange my look there? (Step into a nearby phone booth...) Certainly, I knew of many spots to hang out and relax, or write my column. This month, I am lying in a hammock in my trunks and shades, enjoying the music and sunshine of a beach sim where I can frequently be found dancing to smooth blues.

Perhaps this life of wanderlust might just work out! Did I really need a couples intan loaded with 40 of the best dances at my instant disposal? Just how addicted was I to the *Martini in the Morning* music stream? As I consider those questions, a new one pops to mind. Had I really had any friends over to my home recently? I realized that it was now many months since I had actually done any dancing or entertaining at my home. Somehow my Second Life had morphed into mostly writing for rez and clubbing between the few venues where I almost always run into friends.

This brings up memories of friends gone by; friends, who had sat around my fire pit, danced to good tunes on my dance floor or ice rink, or simply come by to talk. My fireplace had two photos on the wall, one of my RL wife and SL partner from our first weeks in SL. My Deb, who gave up on SL about the third time her hair rezzed to her butt back in the old days. The other photo was of myself and my two oldest SL friends, Gudrun and Michele; the three amigos. Michele passed away quite a while ago now, and that picture still reminded me of many late nights when she would end her SL evening sitting or dancing on my deck, as she tried to forget the cancer that was slowly taking her RL body. Losing those memories was a hard emotional hit. In fact, for many months after Michele was no longer in SL, her final evening of dancing was the logoff/on screen that popped up each time I logged in. Now, of course, even those reminders are in the past.

It is now July, and I have been homeless in SL for over a month, and am still no closer to coming to a decision of what to do about my living situation. While I do miss my intan and monkeys, do I really need them? I have discovered that there are plenty of deserted sims and clumps of brush in which to rezz and get your look together. Great music exists on any number of wonderful dance and performance locations



across SL. Why does one need a SL home?

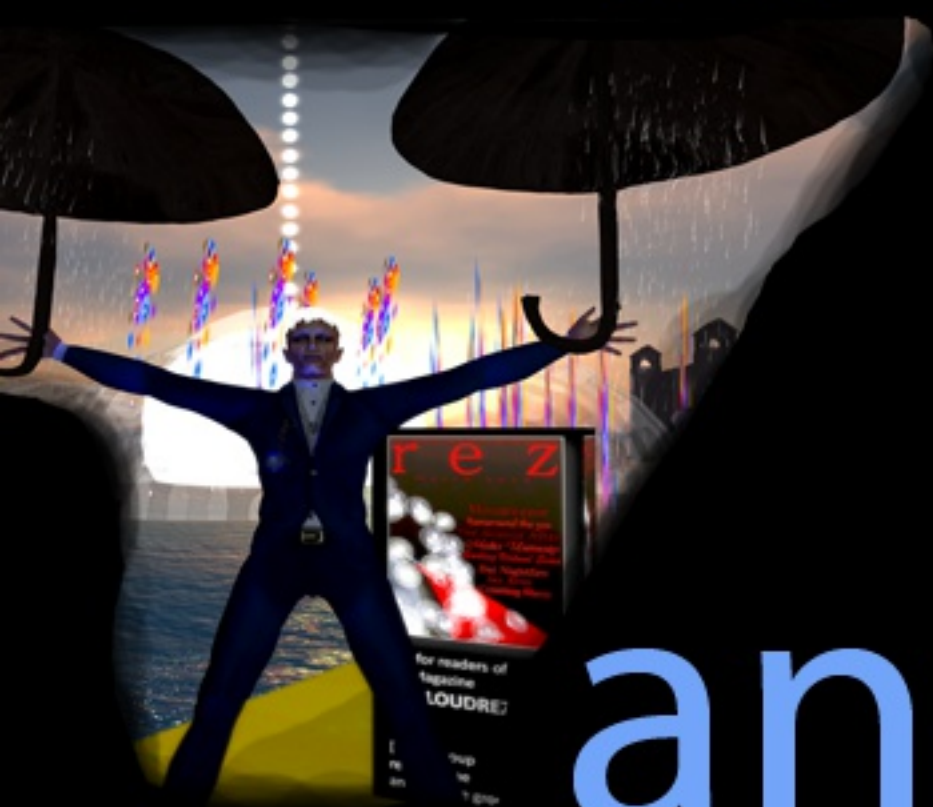
Yet that original craving to build still exists. Without land, building is next to impossible, yet there are so many tools to build creatively in Second Life once one has the skills. Perhaps I will one day become motivated to again buy a tract of land, and consider what to build after I try to find, open, and sort out all the inventory from my former

home. Until then, if you see bushes rustling in some sim corner, please look away until I have my tuxedo on and hair combed! Have a most wonderful August, and if you see me wandering, grab me for some dancing anytime!

Yours always, Harry Bailey, The Perfect Gentleman

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to get you



an interview
Harry Hac

your privacy

new with

maker



Jami Mills: Harry, thank you for taking the time on short notice to come. You know Art Blue is dead; luckily not brain dead as his AI insists. His brain waves are frozen. It goes over my horizon. The trip to arctic ice happens with his tomb as written in the modern bible Towing Jehowa, confirmed by OM-NIVAC-5000. I checked his words ... all true. But the infected umbrella did not let me sleep. I handed it over to a friend. He didn't find the script inside, but the umbrella rains on command and also stops when I tell it to stop.

Harry Hacker: You are right. There is a script inside the umbrella you got from Art Blue. It is indeed not so easy to find. Art Blue set a tiny invisible prim in place where the script is. You have to unlink the linkset and inspect each prim until you get the little one and there is indeed the rain control script.

JM: A tiny prim like the one with the fractal Art gave me as we started our collaboration in rez? Here. See the ring he gave me?

Harry: I see. Art used a distortion made by Torley Linden on this prim, so it gets tinier than the normal SL functions allow. It becomes a nano prim so your finger does not bleed when you wear the ring with the fractal diamond on top that normally would stick through it. An artwork by Aurora MyCano was set in it. I did not know that she ever sold any of this.

JM: Art told me there are only two copies of this.

Harry: Looks like it has some value. Let me see if there is a script inside running. Would be a good place for a hidden chat spy.

JM: Gosh! Don't drive me mad. Last time I met you I got on DEFCON 2 and if now ... I can't even think what I would do ... I'd haunt him in his grave ...

Harry: Laughs. If there would be a chat spy script made by Art Blue in it, I would not find it. Art knows the future, so he knew I would come in time to inspect it and for sure - - a man knowing the future does not need a chat spy. I spoke in general terms when a woman gets a ring, best place for a script to place in. And it cost only 295 Lindens on Marketplace.

JM: You make me speechless. Do you mean I can buy such a script and place it in a vase or a rose, give it to a friend and then the gift will send me the chat out of the living room where the gift will be placed?

Harry: Yes, and even more. It has nice settings for "of all over sim," "enter and leave sim," "send offline to IM," all for 295 Linden. The seller recommends to rename the script to something like "texture rotate" or "blink" if set into a diamond.

JM: That's not forbidden?

Harry: Forbidden? These are standard functions in SL. That's the way life is made. "To code or not to code" - were those not words of Art? But I agree, it shall be forbidden to ask for money for such a simple script. You find it for free in the open library. It's a rip-off. Come give me one Linden and you get it Jami with a guarantee of a lifetime running.

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High Society Horse Racing



Photography and Text by
Hitomi Tamatzui

As a quick follow up to the story *rez* published in January 2015, Awesome Breed Creations held its Summer Thoroughbred QL4 Crown Cup Race on July 19, 2015. The purse was L\$125,000.

Nikita Pantland, owner of Little Ascot Stables, had five horses place in the top six finishes, including win, place, and show. The winning horse was LA Bothan Spy, ridden by DarkSunflowerAlt, followed by LA Tlckety Boo, ridden by Cavalco Resident, and LA Bangarang, ridden by Lanz134 Resident.

Fashion was the word of the day with all the ladies in their finest hats.





Fashion



DarkSunflowerAlt atop LA Bothan Spy; Awesome Breed CEO, Stephanie Marrienboer; Owner, Nikita Pantland; and Awesome Breed CEO, Darcul Bellic



DarkSunflowerAlt on top of LA Bothan Spy, and Winner's Trophy surrounded by fellow jockeys (LtoR) WildBillWilly, BeauRiver Resident, MorganVelhiAlt, JakeDeidAlt Resident, ABC Race Commissioner, Pamela LIMITS, Owner, Nikita Pantland, Lanz134 Resident, Cavalco Resident, Mickie Ditko, and Annie Panties.



Party After the Race

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